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ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

Featuring The STARS of SWEDISH EROTICA

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SWEDISH EROTICA

A FILM REVIEW MAGAZINE

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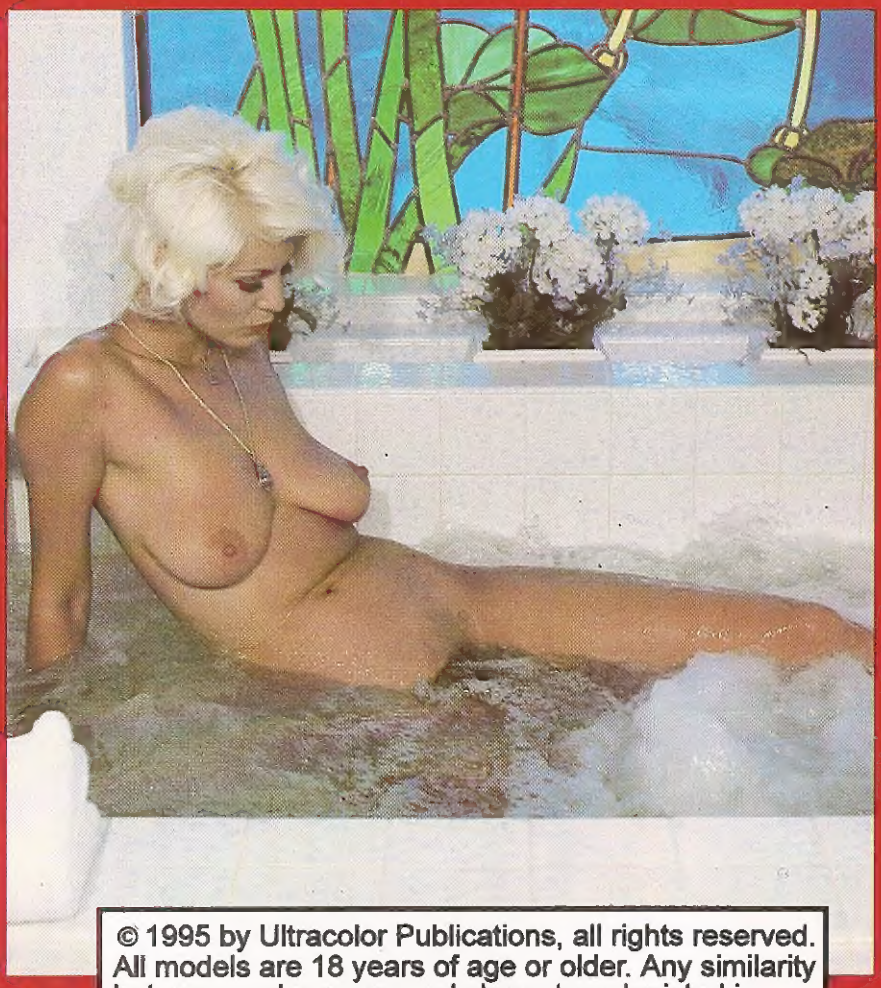

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All models are 18 years of age or older. Any similarity between real persons and characters depicted in fiction or semi-fiction herin is purly coincidental.

Seka is an organic food freak and what could be more organic than a load of cum, hot and spicy, delivered directly to her mouth without any artificial packaging or any sort. Personally, Roger prefers rare steak, but rare clit is an acceptable substitute so long as he's Seka's house guest. Only after this regular ritual does Seka toddle off to the shower. Little does she know that her lover, Roger, despite having used every bit of Seka's enormous talents for his personal pleasure, is doing her dirty by using the rest of his incredible sexual appetite on her Oriental maid.

Finally, however, Seka makes the discovery. Her hot water heater has acted up and Seka is not one for cold showers. She towels herself dry as swiftly as possible and heads back to the bedroom for another session with Roger. (Cold showers turn off the sexual passions of most women, but for Seka they are an aphrodisiac.) There on the bed, right before her shocked and horrified eyes, her stud Roger is ramming his cock as deep as to the balls in her maid's Oriental cunt — which is shaped identically and slants in the same direction as any standard caucasian cunt.

Does Seka rant and rave and fire her maid? Does she get almost homicidal thoughts about her betraying stud and then order him from her home? Not Seka. Once the shock wears off (which takes about three seconds as Seka has witnessed more than a few fucking sessions in the past) all she can

think of is that there's fun going on and she isn't a part of it. That's when the film really gets kinky.

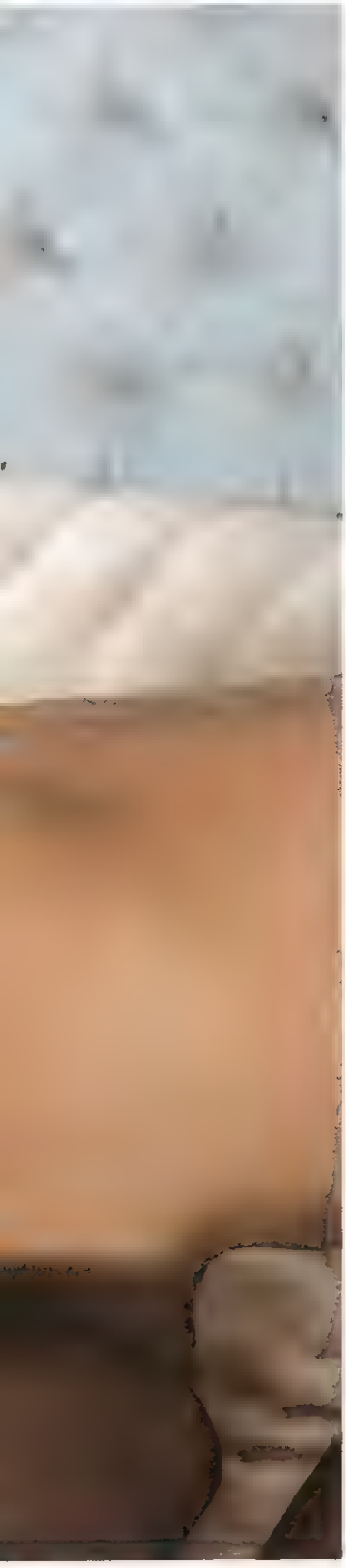
Seka, as everyone knows, is a gal who swings both ways and would swing a third if there were one. There isn't a single sexual act or permutation which she hasn't tried and thoroughly enjoyed and, as Roger is a great stud and her maid has a wicked body — to say nothing of a great set of jugs — Seka joins them in a contest to see who can think of the most far out sexual combination involving two women and a man. If it so happens that the combination provides more fun for Seka than for the others, so much the better. It's her home, after all. She's the one paying the bills. She is also, however, a gal who enjoys dishing out pleasure almost as much as she does receiv-

ing it, which is why at one point her mouth is filled with Oriental cunt juice (it tastes just like the domestic variety) while her other end is being splendidly drilled by Roger's permanently hard cock. Seka doesn't know which she's enjoying more, the cock deep in her cunt or the clit twitching against her squirming tongue.

Then Seka gets the idea that it might be interesting if both she and Roger gang up

on the maid, a suggestion neither Roger nor the maid resent. So Roger unplugs his cock from Seka's cunt (not before she's had another orgasm) and rams his tool deep into the maid. Squeals of Oriental pleasure on the sound track reveal that women of the far east react just like the local variety when they're getting their rocks off.

Next it's Roger's turn to receive the undivided attention of the two women. Both want to suck his cock first, but Seka is paying the freight so she also gets to call the shots. That is why the next scene shows Roger's cock locked tight between those famous lips while Oriental hands stroke his balls and play with his ass. The positions are eventually changed, but not until Seka is physically tired of cocksucking. As for Roger, no even suggests that he might be tiring of these pleasant pastimes.



Pussy eating eventually becomes the game of the moment, but this organ of Roger's lacks the stamina of his meat whistle. His cock may never tire, but his tongue does. Before it's quitting time for Roger's tongue, though, he sends orgasm after shattering orgasm through each woman in turn. They love to have his cunning tongue hard and wet against their clits, lapping and churning and occasionally leaving their clits to stiffen and dive into their cunts like a short and thick cock. Roger has a long tongue and can do almost as much for the interior of a woman's cunt with it as he can with his cock, which is saying a great deal.

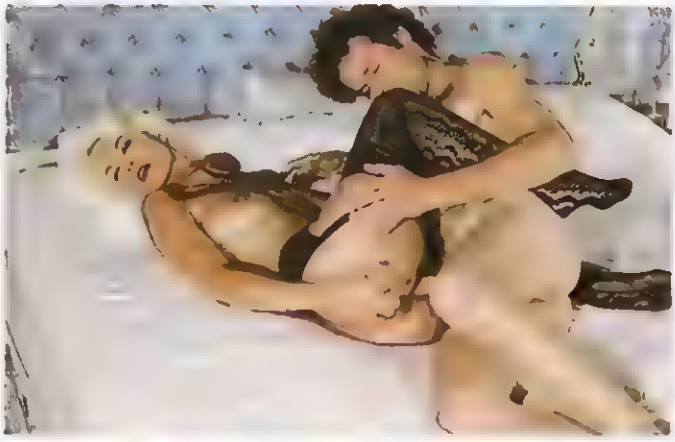
Finally, however, it's Seka's turn to be the one and only party receiving direct physical stimulation. The maid teaches Seka Oriental tricks involving her clit, her nipples and her asshole, stroking and licking and nibbling tenderly to deliver sensations that, at times, verge on the very edge of pain. Her sharp fingernails rake quivering flesh until Seka gasps and moans and writhes, momentarily out of her mind with pleasure. In her more rational moments she thinks that if this is what she can gain by permitting Roger's infidelity, then more power to him. Maybe she should allow him to bring a few of his former female friends to bed also.

But now, the finale has arrived. Roger is at his peak and the Oriental maid is nearly frothing at the mouth with passion. Seka knows just what to do; and as the maid settles down onto Roger's rigid rod in a sitting position, Seka situates herself supine on the floor so that her incredible tongue can lick and lap lovingly at the combined crotches presented her. With each outstroke — each withdrawal — of Roger's cock from the maid's dripping quim, Seka's tongue is there pressed tight against the side of his shaft as it leaves the girl's cunt so that every drop of juice is Seka's to savor. (Seka's love of cum and the other sexual bodily juices is near-legend. It is said, in harems and bordellos around the globe that Seka receives her amazing powers of endurance from the juices she imbides.) And with each instroke — each insertion — of Roger's cock deep into the Oriental girl's body, Seka's tongue is there to lovingly lubricate it.

When the maid is gasping out her third or fourth orgasm in that position, Seka stands before her and spreads her thighs so that Seka's cunt is at tongue-level with her maid. The maid obliges, understanding what Seka desires; and they soon collapse in a heap together

on the floor while Roger unplugs himself and takes a breather. Then Roger stands and steps behind Seka: after all, she, not the maid, is his lover. And there's no question in his mind as to who is the better sexual partner. The maid is momentary fun, perhaps, but no one would seriously consider trading an Oriental maid — no matter how trained in the sexual arts she might be — for the multi-legendary sexual talents of the world's most sexi-skilled woman.

With one neat thrust, Roger buries his cock up to the hilt in Seka's perfect quim. She sighs with pleasure and settles back to seat him more perfectly. Then, while Seka twists and moves her body in a manner known only to the ancient courtesans, Roger feeds the length of his organ in and out of her near-feverish body. Quickly the pace

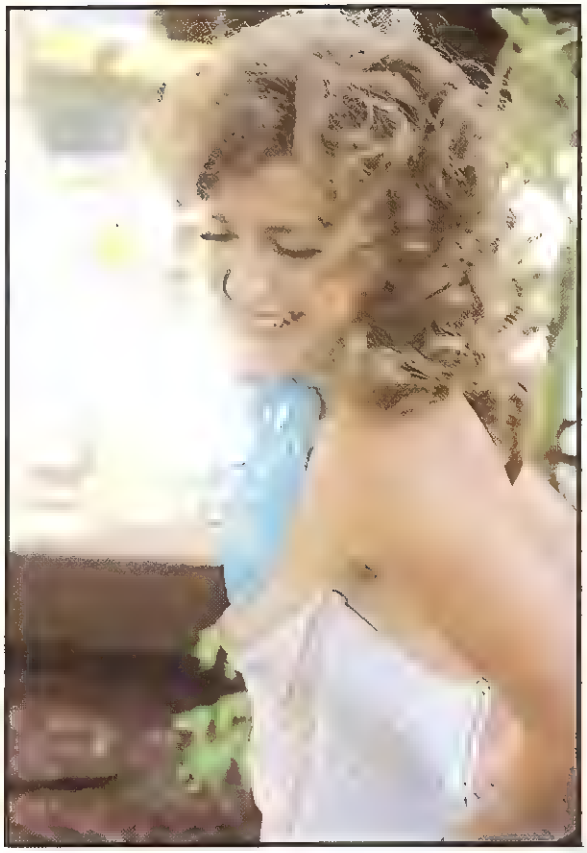


builds, until the two are moving as one unit, parting and coming together with a smoothness of motion which belies the speed of their ardor. In moments they are as one, building to a climax that will transcend all of the other orgasms of that day. The maid guesses that this is the big one and wants to be part of it. Quickly, she positions herself with tongue and lips next to organs — as Seka had — and laves them both as they struggle up to total orgasm.

In an explosion of pure passion resolved, the couple come. And the girl – the maid — can be heard to

come, too, so great is her empathy of the moment. For an eternity of seconds the trio balance on the brink as they are consumed by orgasm, then slowly they slide down the far hill into release and exhaustion. Finally, they all three slump down on the floor, gasping for breath, sighing their pleasure.

Seka is almost totally sated, spent. Her body has been subjected to such sexual excess that her knees buckle when she tries to stand and she sees double whenever she opens her eyes. Double cocks, and double clits, double sets of tits. Unable to perform actively, there's only one way in which she can still receive pleasure and also accomodate her two lovers. She settles down on Roger's cock, feeling it drive home for the hundredth time that day. And while she lays there, reclining between her two lovers, they feast on her nipples as his cock slowly slides in and out of her. The music rises and the credit crawl begins as Seka's greatest fuck film epic slowly fades to black. ●

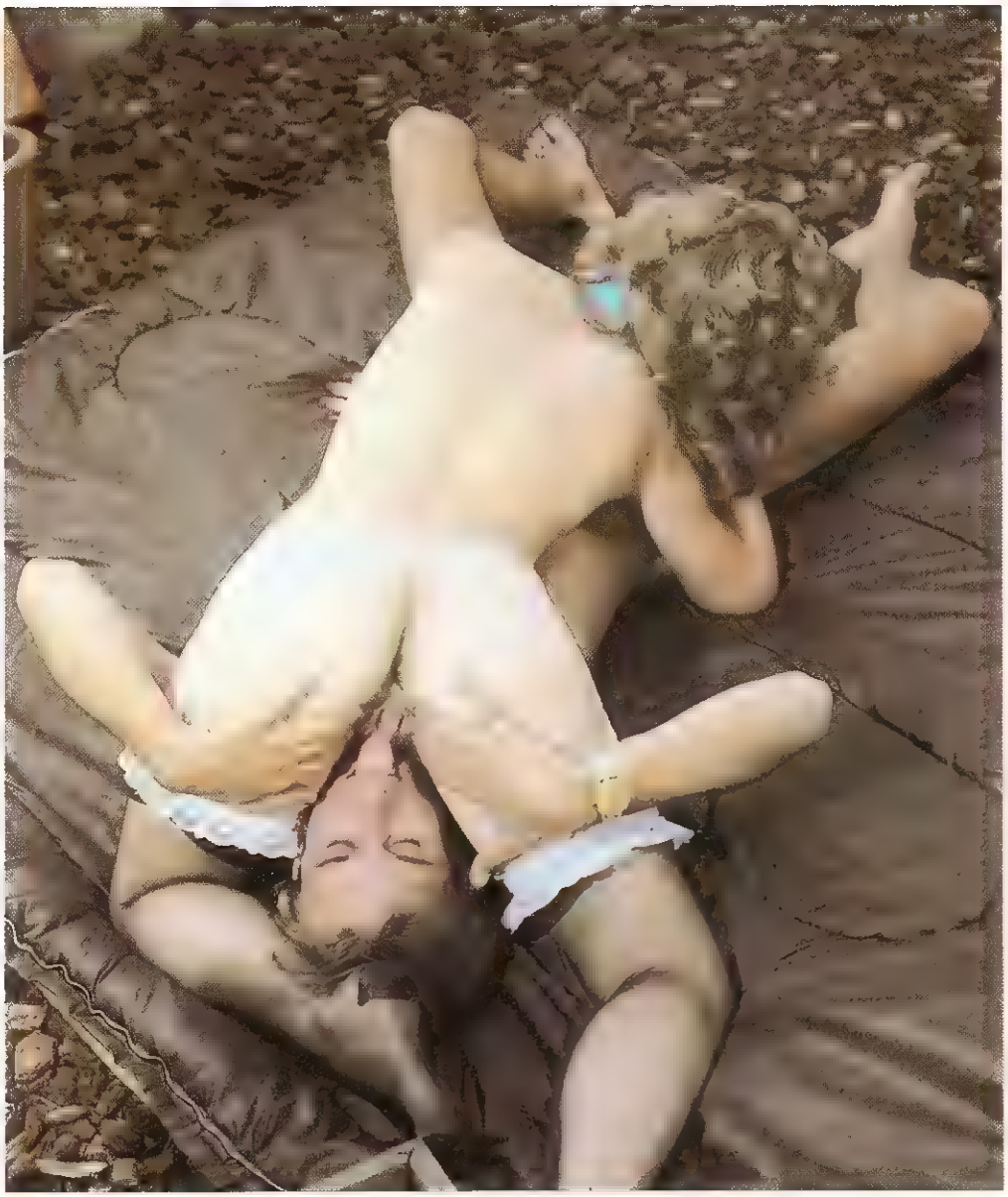


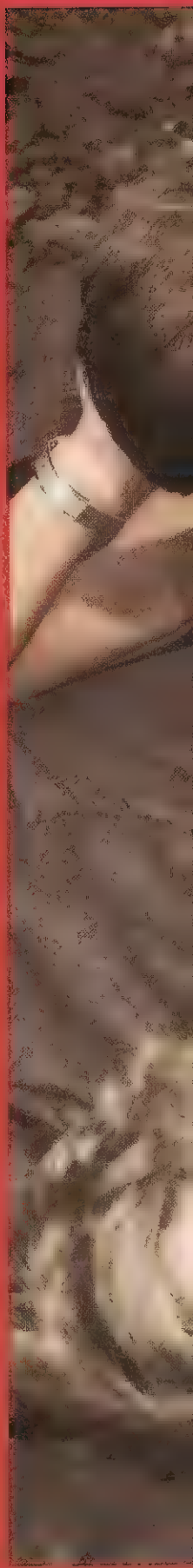
FILM #215: NATURE LOVERS

Something about the young man with the camera thrilled Lucy to the core — but then the sight of any man thrilled her. That he was young, male and exceedingly good looking were enough to turn her on and, after that, all she had to do was somehow lure him to her balcony, her apartment. Unfortunately, he and his camera were intent on the local bird life and he did not see her.

She whistled a bit and he turned, waved and went back to his birds. But the next time she whistled Lucy was ready for him and had stripped to her white lacy undies, with her ruby nipples peeping from confinement. Jeff, the photographer, somehow lost interest in his feathered birds and soon joined this more richly adorned one on her patio. There were no doubts in his mind about what her whistle had meant.

They got down to important matters swiftly, with Lucy leaving him no time to doubt her intentions. His cock was filling her mouth moments after he had set down his camera; her soft tongue and clasping lips demonstrating that she had perfected cocksucking to an art form. Jeff had been blown before, many times, but never by a woman as hungry for the juices his cock could deliver. When he gasped that he was about to come she gripped him tighter and sucked faster,





panting with lust. He was certain that she had even come just from sucking him off. As his cock swelled to her sucking and her eyes glazed with pleasure he became certain of it. Like the mythical woman in *Deep Throat*, she must have had a clit in her throat to react so strongly.

But Lucy miscalculated. After finishing the blow job she turned away for a moment, perhaps to think about what she was going to do to him next, and Jeff was gone. Off the balcony and into the woods, leaving his camera and his clothes behind.

Lucy stored the souvenirs of Jeff with the rest of her collection, dressed and returned to her balcony, pondering this most recent departure of a man from her life. And the interlude had been such a short one. They had hardly gotten to know each other. Maybe she would have to learn to treat men differently. Maybe she would have to be more ardent with them, so that they would not lose interest in her so swiftly. ●

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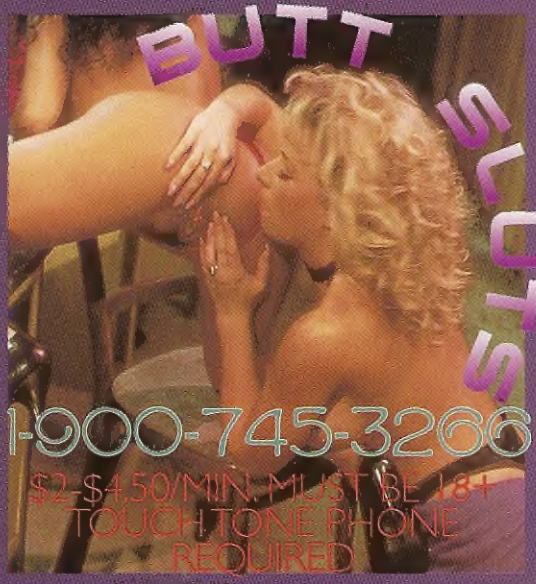
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